

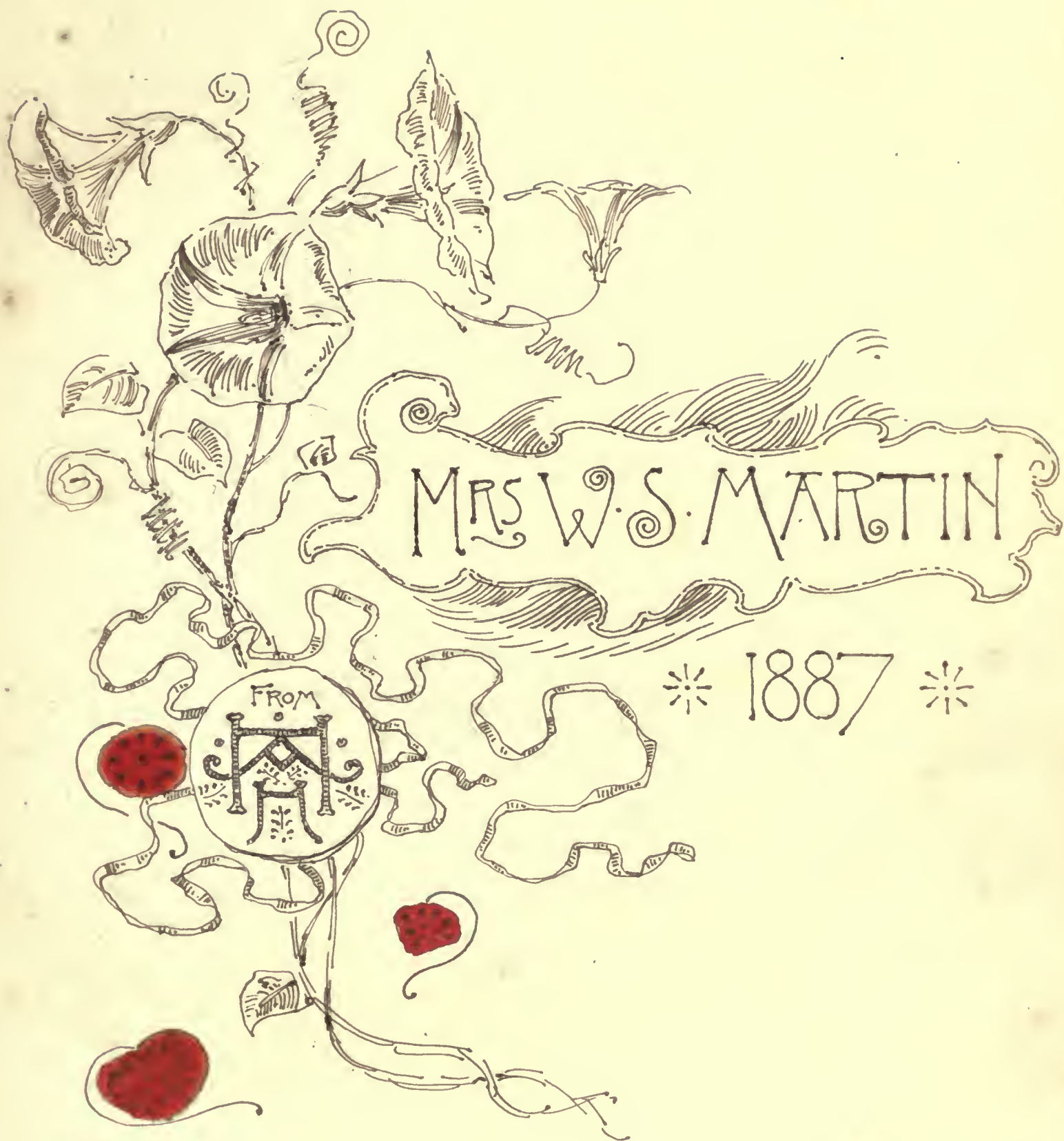
# HOME FAIRIES AND HEART FLOWERS

















Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



*TWENTY STUDIES OF CHILDREN'S HEADS*

WITH  
FLORAL EMBELLISHMENTS  
HEAD AND TAIL PIECES, AND INITIAL LETTERS

By FRANK FRENCH

ACCOMPANIED BY POEMS  
BY  
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NEW YORK  
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE  
1887

Copyright, 1886, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

---

*All rights reserved.*









## PREFACE.

---

IN presenting these studies to the Public, I am aware that the reception accorded them will depend in a measure on the manner in which I have performed a difficult task.

Most of us, both young and old, have in our homes some Child Fairies—some Flowers of the Heart—making all gentle, joyous, and winsome child-life very near and very dear.

If, then, I have succeeded in rendering into line with the graver upon the wood-block something of the subtle and evanescent beauty of these

“Little comrades on the road gayly stepping onward,”

I feel assured that those to whom I may have the pleasure of introducing them will gladly take them into their heart of hearts.

In preparing subjects for this collection, I have in some cases painted the heads from nature; sometimes from photographs, with the aid of bright faces near at hand. Sometimes the photographs have been used with but slight change; and I have the pleasure here to acknowledge assistance, more or less direct, from the following photographic artists: Messrs. Bassano and Elliott & Fry, of London, England; Mr. Guerin, of St. Louis; Alva Pearsall, of Brooklyn; Messrs. Bostwick, Cox, Mora, and Sarony, of New York, and others.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's poems, written to accompany these studies, are not only in complete sympathy with my work, but add to the volume a charm of their own. They might well have inspired the pictures, instead of having been inspired by them.

If any fond mothers and fathers, brothers or sisters, recognize their darlings in this collection, and feel that but a meagre and unsatisfactory suggestion is here given of the loved faces, I will remind them that these artless fairies reveal their most fascinating and winsome graces only to those whom they dearly love. With the soft and clinging arms about the neck, with the sweet and pure kiss of childhood on the lip, with the merry laughter ringing in the ear, and the dimpling smiles at hide-and-seek on cheek and chin, we who are blessed with such pure love and favor see much to captivate that is unrevealed to those who are not within the magic influence of the charmed circle.

Great artists have tried with facile brush and the charm of color to note upon canvas these varying expressions of childhood, and have found it difficult. As my medium confines me to black lines upon white paper, may I not ask with confidence for the exercise of some indulgence towards my shortcomings?

F. F.





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR CHILDREN . . . . .	9
OUR LITTLE LOVE . . . . .	13
AMBITION . . . . .	17
LITTLE BLUE-JACKET . . . . .	21
THE COMING OF THE ROSE . . . . .	25
MORNING-GLORY MUSIC . . . . .	29
MOTHER'S LITTLE WILHELMINE . . . . .	33
BEAUTIFUL EYES . . . . .	37
APPLE-BLOSSOMS . . . . .	41
VITTORIA . . . . .	45
LITTLE COQUETTE . . . . .	49
VIOLET . . . . .	53
A CHILD OF THE SUNRISE LAND . . . . .	57
THE LITTLE HIGHLANDER . . . . .	61
CHRYSANTHEMUM . . . . .	65

*CONTENTS.*

	PAGE
THE INDIAN CHILD . . . . .	69
FERNS—FASCINATION . . . . .	73
PANSIES . . . . .	77
OLE MAMMY'S BABY NED . . . . .	81
A LITTLE MAID OF ROME . . . . .	85
WITCH-HAZEL . . . . .	89
 L'ENVOI . . . . .	 93



### OUR CHILDREN.

LITTLE comrades on the road, gayly stepping onward,

Little hands that clasp in ours, little faces shining,  
Lips baptized with dew of truth, brave eyes looking sunward,  
Hearts that stronger make our own in the day's declining.  
Would we do without their trust if we had the choosing?  
Lacking childhood's note of cheer, what were mirth but sorrow;  
Shorn of childhood's love and faith, what were life but losing,  
Bitter bread our fare to-day; famine on the morrow.

Early in the morn they wake, fill the house with singing;  
Up and down the stair they flit, fairy feet no lighter;  
Lisping speech in silver chimes through the chambers ringing,  
Till in brightness of their smiles all the hours grow brighter.  
When, through twilight's solemn hush, birds to nest are winging,  
Tiny figures robed in white, "Now I lay me" saying,  
Bend beside the mother's knee, praise to Jesus bringing,  
And the night is holier far for the children's praying.

Would you know the strongest king 'mid the world's confusion,  
Ever certain of his place, sure of subjects loyal,  
Needing neither sword nor shield, pomp of pride's illusion,  
Fair and good, and — rich or poor — never less than royal?  
In the rose-lined cradle peep, on the snowy pillow  
See the silken-fringing head, hands like crumpled flowers;  
Ask the prairie, ask the hill, cross the restless billow,  
Baby is the strongest king, and we call him ours.

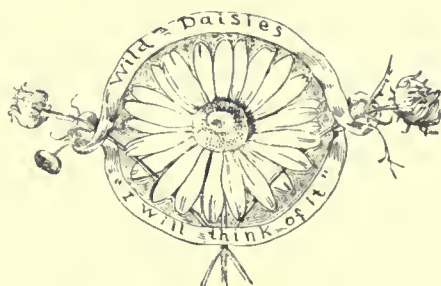
*OUR CHILDREN.*

Time and change their legends write on the scroll of ages,  
Yet the games our children play, time nor change is spoiling.  
Fairy-folk have passed away, save from folio pages  
Traced with fond poetic thought, music for the toiling;  
Still the magic ring is formed, and the mystic sibyl  
In the centre gravely stands, forfeit takes or favor,  
Oats, pease, beans, the children sing, in their liquid treble,  
And the weird witch-mother yet chides their ill-behavior.

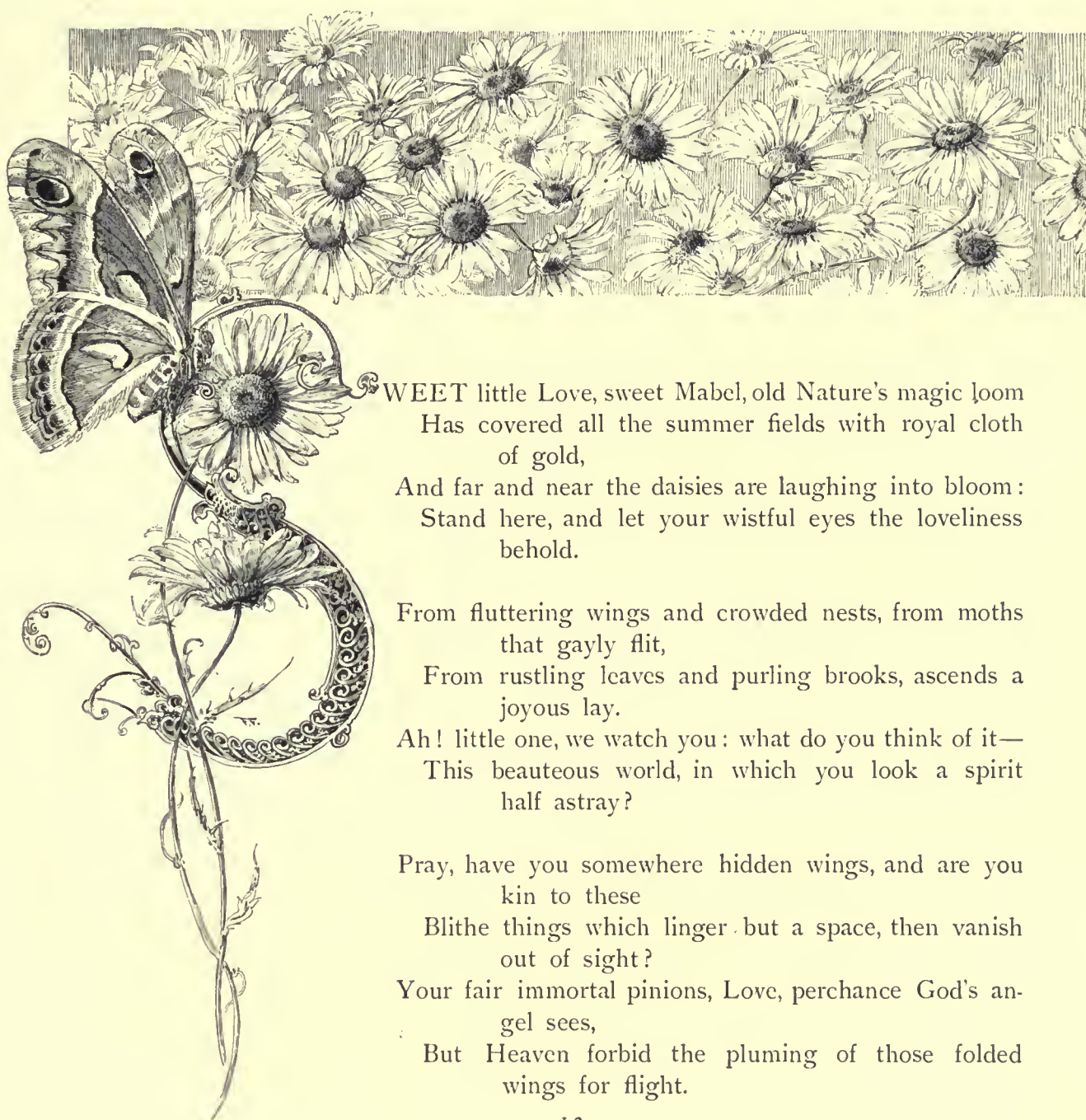
Comes the Merry Christmas-tide! Round the hallowed manger  
Group the monarchs from the East, and the shepherds kneeling,  
Angels rift the skies to hail Him, the Infant Stranger,  
Godhead veiled in human clay, in their strain revealing.  
Round the Child we, too, would bow, bring Him spice and treasure,  
In the glory of His face find our fullest guerdon;  
For His sake, in childhood's grace, have the dearest pleasure,  
Naught we do for Him or His counted dole or burden.

Little comrades on the road, gayly stepping onward,  
Little hands that cling to ours, little faces shining,  
Lips baptized with dew of truth, brave eyes looking sunward,  
Hearts that happier make our own in the day's declining.  
We believe what Jesus said, as our children gather  
Close about us in the home, till it grows Elysian,  
That in Heaven their angels stand, very near Our Father,  
And behold him undismayed, in a ceaseless vision.





*OUR LITTLE LOVE.*



SWEET little Love, sweet Mabel, old Nature's magic loom  
Has covered all the summer fields with royal cloth  
of gold,  
And far and near the daisies are laughing into bloom :  
Stand here, and let your wistful eyes the loveliness  
behold.

From fluttering wings and crowded nests, from moths  
that gayly flit,  
From rustling leaves and purling brooks, ascends a  
joyous lay.  
Ah ! little one, we watch you : what do you think of it—  
This beauteous world, in which you look a spirit  
half astray?

Pray, have you somewhere hidden wings, and are you  
kin to these  
Blithe things which linger but a space, then vanish  
out of sight?  
Your fair immortal pinions, Love, perchance God's an-  
gel sees,  
But Heaven forbid the pluming of those folded  
wings for flight.

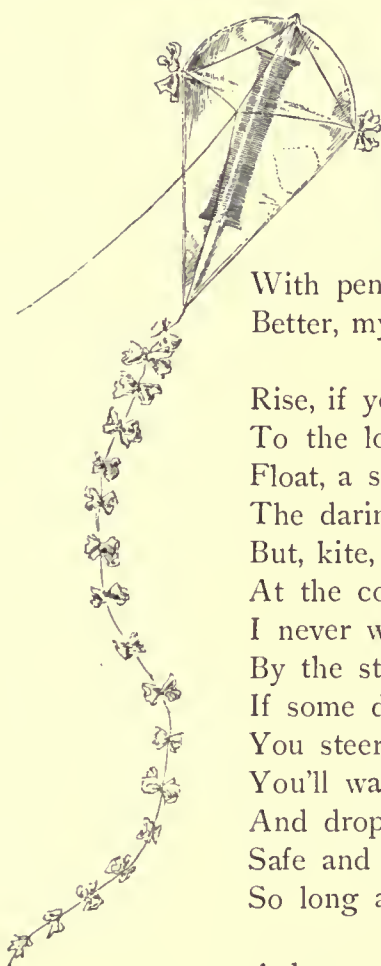
*OUR LITTLE LOVE.*

Yes, baby dear, we watch you, and lovelier, day by day,  
Our darling grows before our eyes; while from the skies above,  
The hand that sows the daisies be evermore, we pray,  
In blessing and in bounty, o'er our precious little Love.







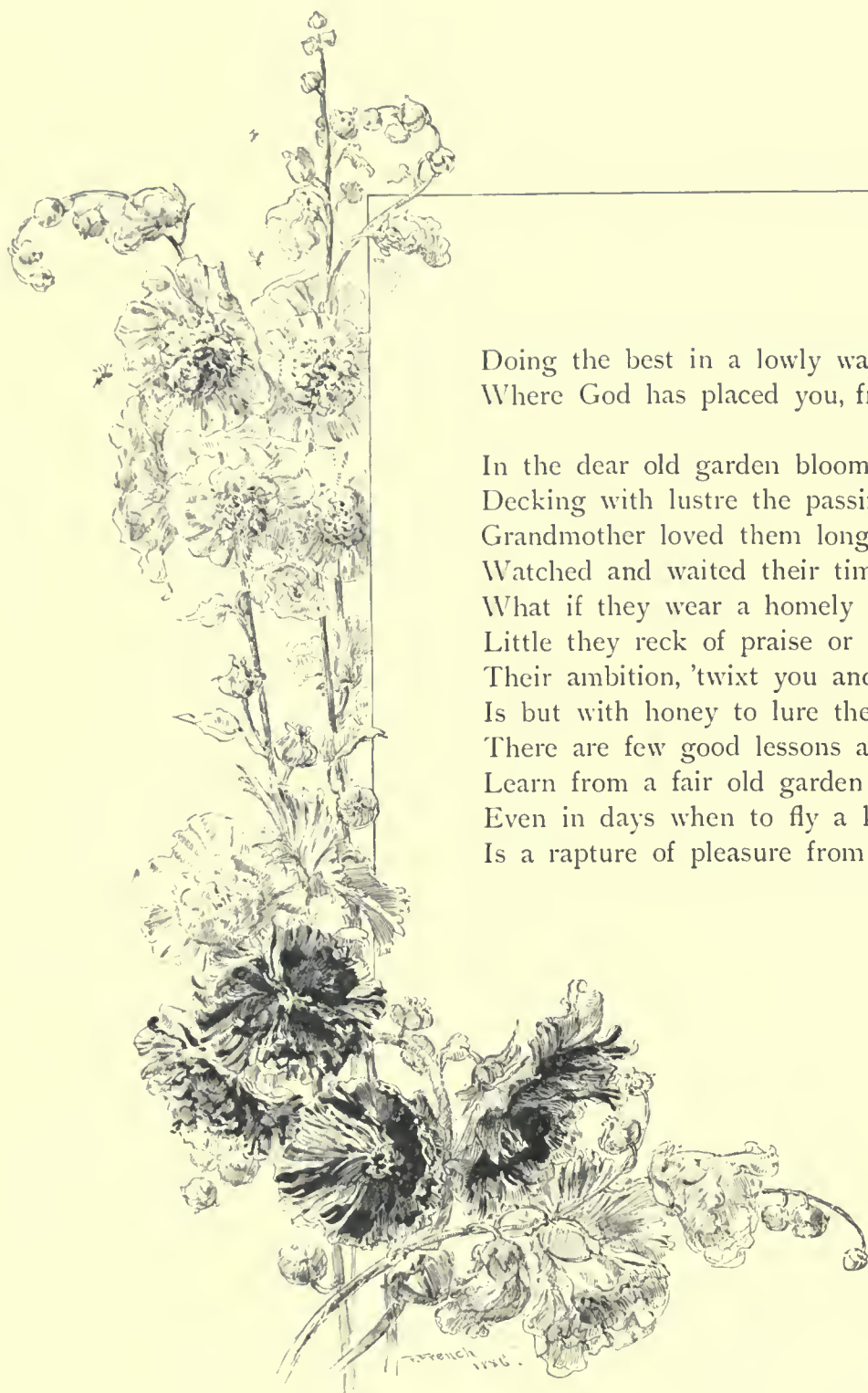


### *AMBITION.*

If you tug at the string so, foolish kite,  
You'll presently sail far out of sight,  
Away, away to the distant blue  
Of the sky that is bending down to you,  
With pennons of cloud on a boundless sea.  
Better, my beauty, remain with me.

Rise, if you will, on your strong white wing,  
To the lofty cliffs where the eagles cling;  
Float, a speck in the upper air,  
The daring flight of the wild fowl share.  
But, kite, be sure it is all in vain  
At the cord which holds you to fret and strain.  
I never will let you quite go free;  
By the strength of your tether you're bound to me.  
If some day, cast from my loosened hand,  
You steer like a bird for another land,  
You'll waver and falter, an aimless thing,  
And drop, poor bird, with a broken wing.  
Safe and certain your poise will be  
So long as you're held by a clasp to me.

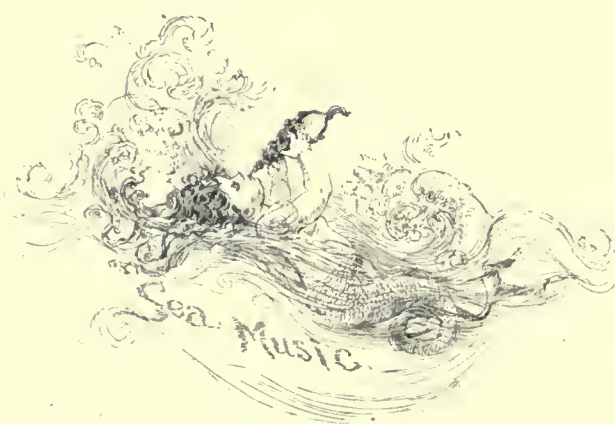
A lesson, my man, from the kite for you.  
Turn your eyes from the beckoning blue;  
Isn't there something fair and sweet  
Lying close to your heedless feet—  
Something a brave young heart may give—  
A noble fashion in which to live,

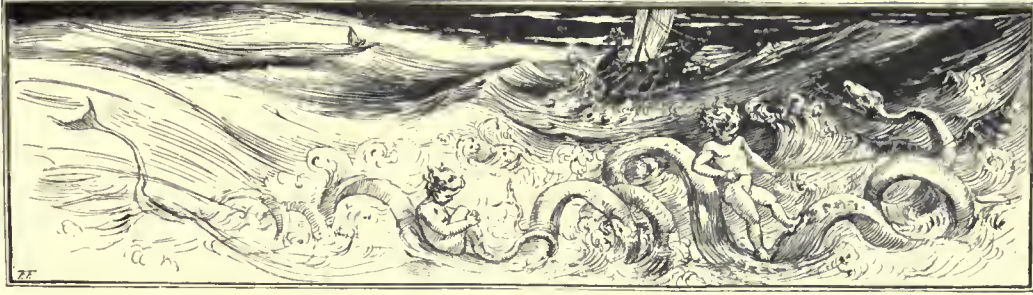


Doing the best in a lowly way  
Where God has placed you, from day to day?

In the dear old garden bloom the flowers,  
Decking with lustre the passing hours;  
Grandmother loved them long ago,  
Watched and waited their time to blow.  
What if they wear a homely name,  
Little they reck of praise or blame;  
Their ambition, 'twixt you and me,  
Is but with honey to lure the bee.  
There are few good lessons a boy might not  
Learn from a fair old garden spot,  
Even in days when to fly a kite  
Is a rapture of pleasure from morn till night.







*LITTLE BLUE-JACKET.*

HE old sweet music hither blown  
 On winds that sweep the open sea,  
 Its beckoning breath, its haunting tone,  
 Its silver call hath summoned thee.  
 Its "Follow! follow!" fills thine ear,  
 It wooes thee with persuasive art,  
 And none who once its pleading hear  
 Thenceforth in peace possess their heart.

Not mine to thrill at eve and morn  
 To that low murmur borne from far.  
 For me no Triton "winds his horn"  
 Beyond the tossing harbor bar.  
 I better love the bending grass  
 Than all the shining emerald sea,  
 That, weaving with its mystic pass,  
 Would draw my sailor-lad from me.

Yet, sturdy little mariner,  
 'Twere ill to hold thee from the life  
 Which hath such charm the pulse to stir,  
 Such fearless freedom, gallant strife.  
 The nurse of hardy souls, and brave,  
 Of childlike heroes leal and true,  
 Old ocean chants in every wave  
 The pæans of her Jackets Blue.

*LITTLE BLUE-JACKET.*

Our thought that swiftly backward wings  
Recalls the ships of fair Phœnice,  
Or, caught in Homer's measure, springs  
To seek the longed-for golden fleece.  
The rare Genoan's daring prow  
Cleaves once again the trackless sea,  
To find the mythic world which now  
Is home, sweet home, to thee and me.

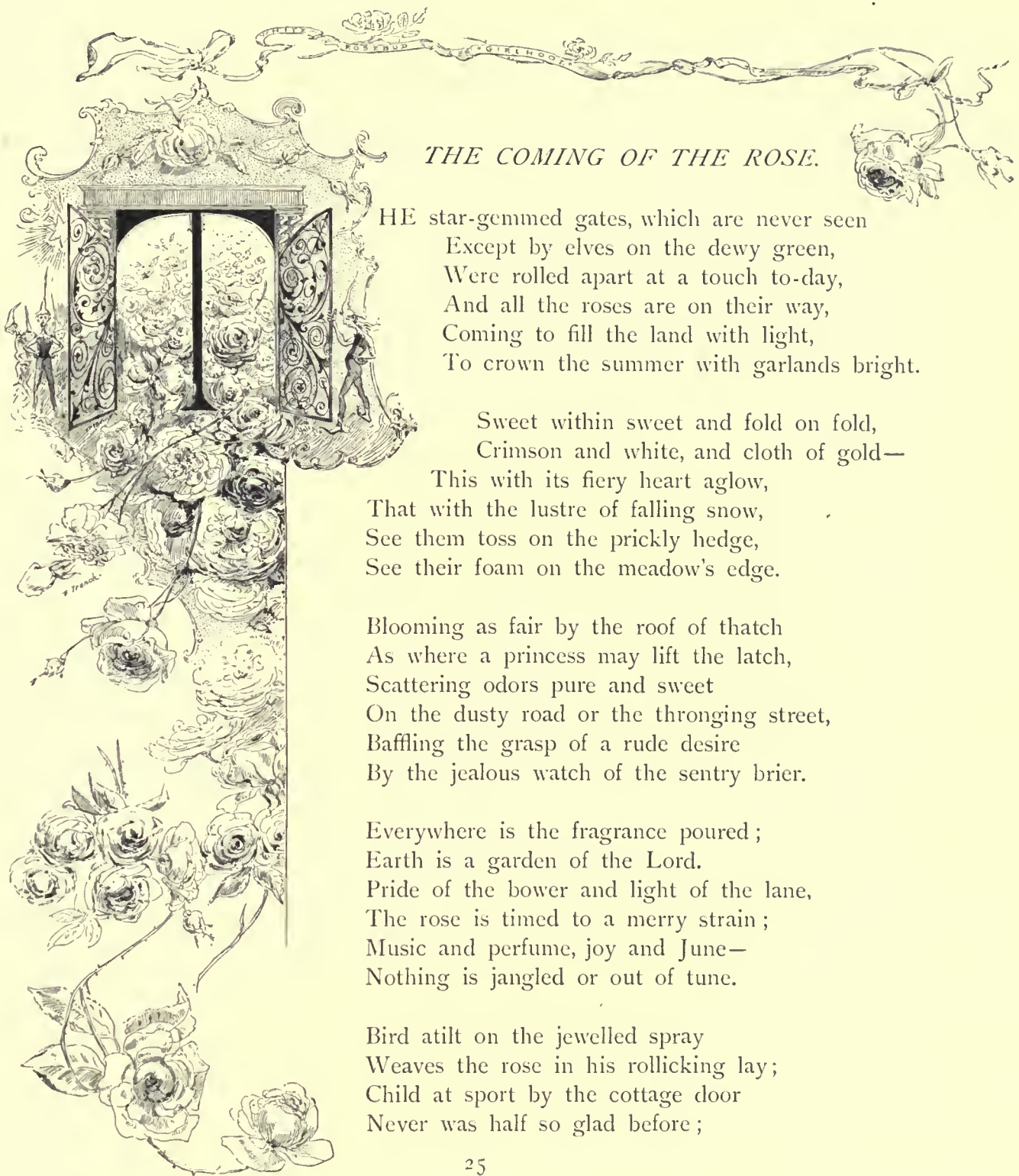
Then speed thee, Little Jacket Blue;  
Thy bark shall touch at isles of balm;  
The tempest's wrath shall test thy crew,  
Sore wearied with the tropics' calm.  
In languid heat or sullen cold,  
In darkest night or stormiest day,  
Aye keep a courage high and bold,  
And bear thee nobly on thy way.

Look alway to thy polar star;  
For He who rules the rolling spheres,  
Whose own the circling planets are,  
Great Sovereign of unmeasured years,  
Will shield thee with his hand of might.  
Ten thousand thousands praise Him true  
Who guards forever in His sight,  
Thus safe, my Little Jacket Blue.









### THE COMING OF THE ROSE.

HE star-gemmed gates, which are never seen  
Except by elves on the dewy green,  
Were rolled apart at a touch to-day,  
And all the roses are on their way,  
Coming to fill the land with light,  
To crown the summer with garlands bright.

Sweet within sweet and fold on fold,  
Crimson and white, and cloth of gold—  
This with its fiery heart aglow,  
That with the lustre of falling snow,  
See them toss on the prickly hedge,  
See their foam on the meadow's edge.

Blooming as fair by the roof of thatch  
As where a princess may lift the latch,  
Scattering odors pure and sweet  
On the dusty road or the thronging street,  
Baffling the grasp of a rude desire  
By the jealous watch of the sentry brier.

Everywhere is the fragrance poured ;  
Earth is a garden of the Lord.  
Pride of the bower and light of the lane,  
The rose is timed to a merry strain ;  
Music and perfume, joy and June—  
Nothing is jangled or out of tune.

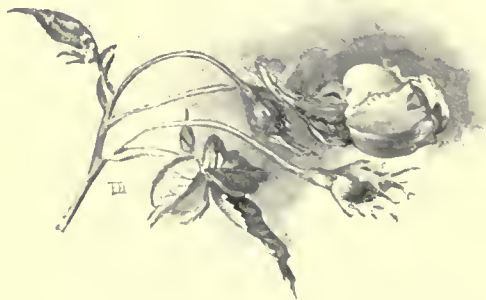
Bird atilt on the jewelled spray  
Weaves the rose in his rollicking lay ;  
Child at sport by the cottage door  
Never was half so glad before ;



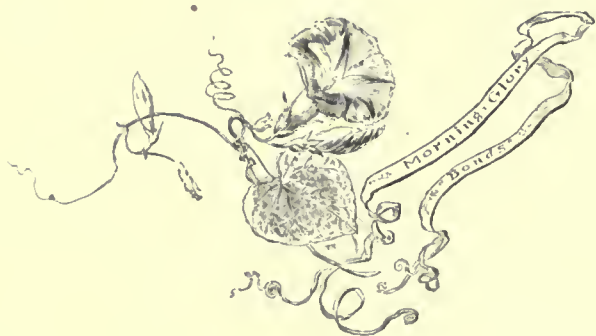
Little wren in the hidden nest  
Chirps of the pleasure that fills her breast.

Which is the lovelier, bud or rose,  
The clasp that hides, or the bloom that grows  
Fairer and braver hour by hour,  
Till we gaze entranced on the perfect flower?  
Somebody wiser than you or I,  
Dear little questioner, must reply.

I, as I stoop to your rose-bud lips—  
Gates through which innocent laughter trips—  
I, as I bend with a kiss to meet  
The wistful eyes in their candor sweet,  
Know that the bud so fresh and free  
Is the dearest thing in this world to me.









*MORNING-GLORY MUSIC.*

**O**UR dainty little Gypsy,  
The dearest household pet  
That ever in the household chain  
Was like a jewel set,  
To her pet, Madam Pussy,  
Oft prattles by the hour,  
And thus I heard her thoughts about  
The morning-glory's flower.

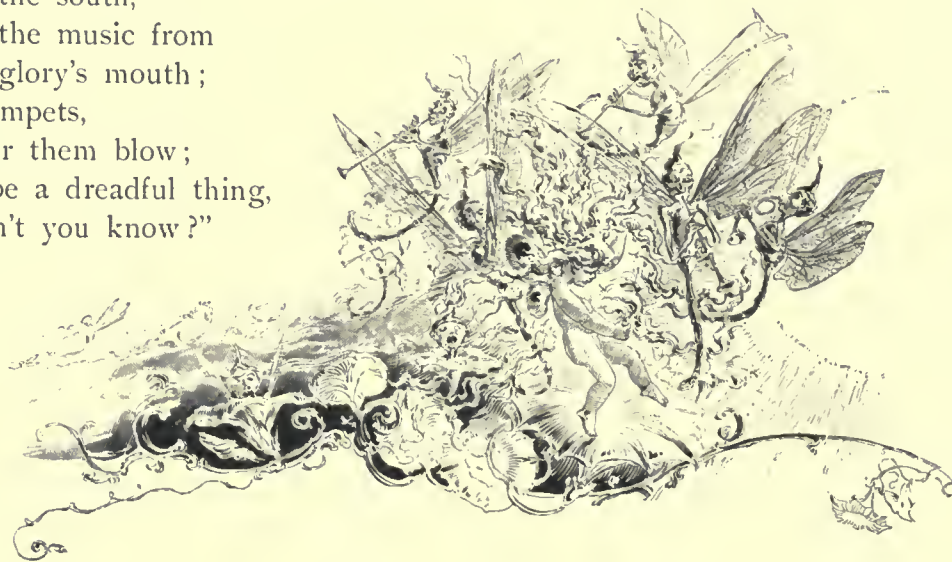
"Hush, pussy — hush and listen !  
The fairies to and fro  
Are dancing on the dewy grass  
When morning-glories blow ;  
They trip along the trellis,  
And pipe the sweetest things,  
And flit from airy bell to bell  
With shining, gauzy wings.

"If you'd be serious, Kitty,  
I'd let you go with me,  
And then, if you were very good,  
A fairy you might see.  
We'd peep into the trumpets—  
I'd hold you up myself—  
And wouldn't it be fun to find  
A cunning little elf ?

*MORNING-GLORY MUSIC.*

“ But, puss — my naughty pussy — ”  
She strokes the velvet fur,  
And smiles as puss returns her love  
With such a gentle purr.  
“ Now just be sober, pussy ;  
If you should spring away,  
You’d frighten all the fairy troop  
Forever and a day.

“ And when the wind is stirring  
So softly from the south,  
We’d never hear the music from  
Each morning-glory’s mouth ;  
The tiny, tiny trumpets,  
We’d never hear them blow ;  
And that would be a dreadful thing,  
My pussy — don’t you know ? ”



Thus plays the childish fancy ;  
The morning-glory’s light  
Is on the sweet coquettish face,  
So arch, so coyly bright.  
God bless our little Gypsy ! —  
The dearest household pet  
That ever in the household chain  
Was like a jewel set.

Among the morning-glories  
The merry footsteps stray,  
Herself a morning-glory  
As beautiful as they ;  
So made for smiles and kisses,  
We write her sweet pet name,  
And wreath her flowers around her,  
A picture in a frame.







*MOTHER'S LITTLE WILHELMINE.*

SHUT my eyes up very tight  
Whenever I go to my bed at night;  
But in the morning, as you see,  
I open them wide as wide can be.

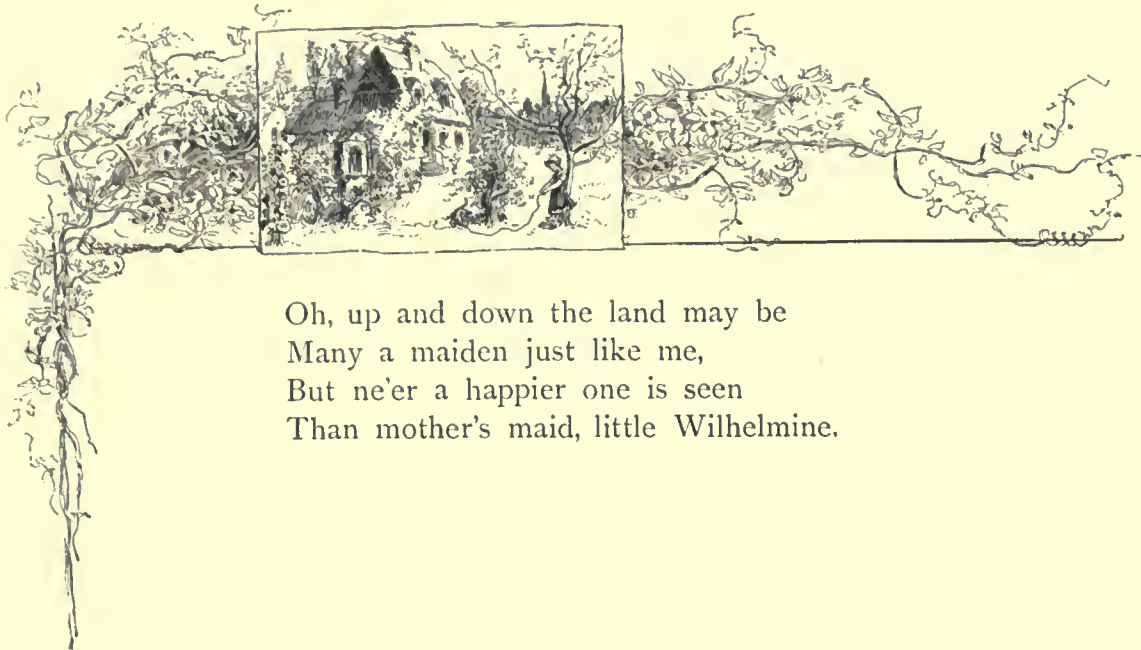
I like to frisk and run and play,  
To frolic with kitty every day;  
But I can, like a little mouse,  
Go tiptoe, tiptoe over the house.

If mother says, "My dear, be still,"  
I answer, "Why, to be sure I will,"  
When baby wants to take a nap,  
And mother is hushing him in her lap.

I have a pretty cap and skirt,  
All stiffly starched, and a speck of dirt  
Would fall away in fright, I know,  
If it caught on ruffle or furbelow.

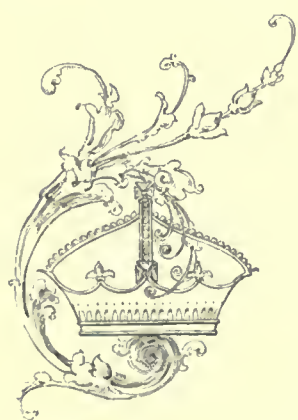
I like to gather pretty flowers,  
To work in my garden hours and hours,  
For I've a garden of my own  
With roses and lilies overgrown.

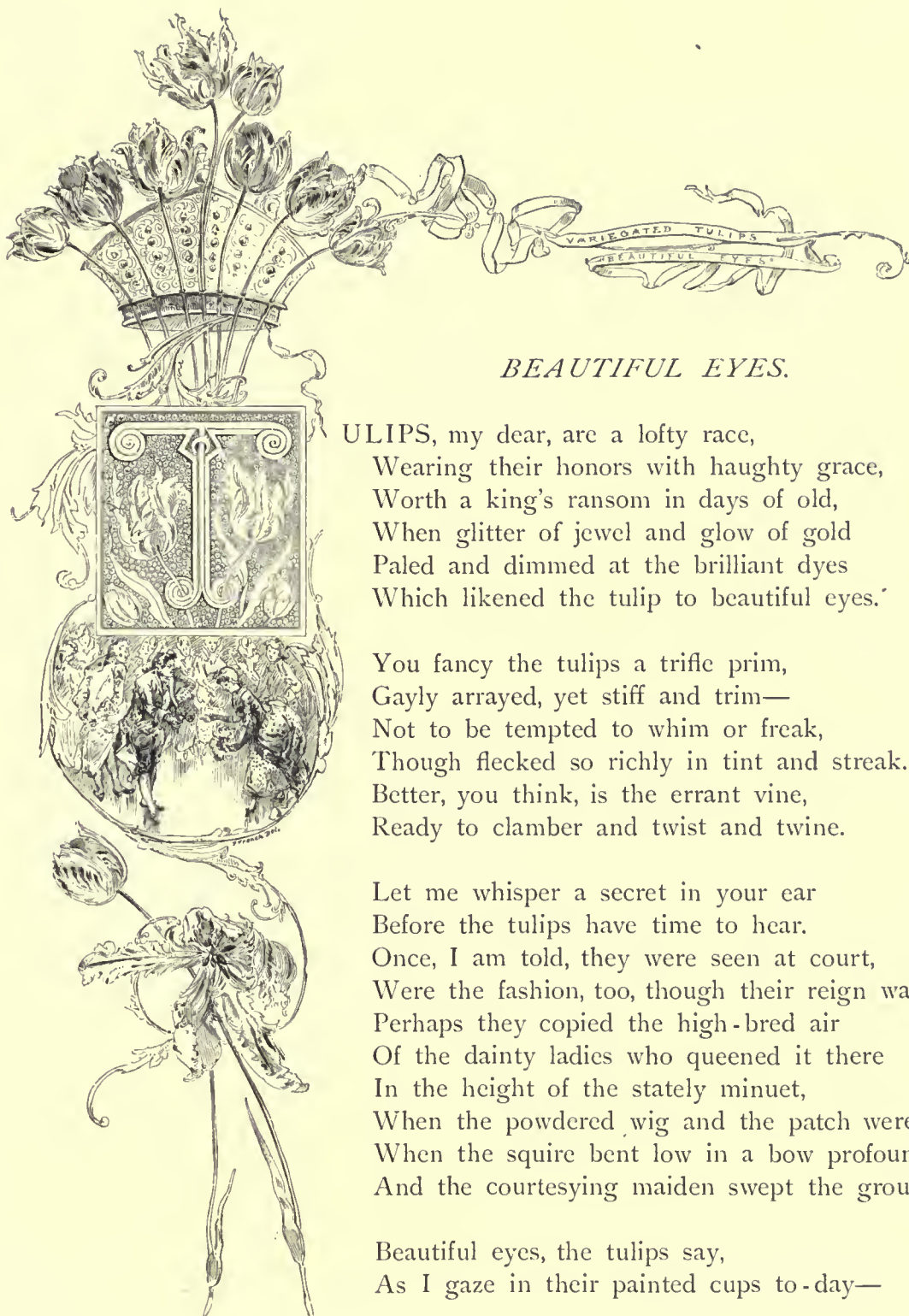
My hands in mischief, now and then,  
Like most little hands, I fear, have been;  
But crossed like this upon my breast,  
Of all little hands they are the best.



Oh, up and down the land may be  
Many a maiden just like me,  
But ne'er a happier one is seen  
Than mother's maid, little Wilhelmine.







### BEAUTIFUL EYES.

TULIPS, my dear, are a lofty race,  
 Wearing their honors with haughty grace,  
 Worth a king's ransom in days of old,  
 When glitter of jewel and glow of gold  
 Paled and dimmed at the brilliant dyes  
 Which likened the tulip to beautiful eyes.\*

You fancy the tulips a trifle prim,  
 Gayly arrayed, yet stiff and trim—  
 Not to be tempted to whim or freak,  
 Though flecked so richly in tint and streak.  
 Better, you think, is the errant vine,  
 Ready to clamber and twist and twine.

Let me whisper a secret in your ear  
 Before the tulips have time to hear.  
 Once, I am told, they were seen at court,  
 Were the fashion, too, though their reign was short.  
 Perhaps they copied the high-bred air  
 Of the dainty ladies who queened it there  
 In the height of the stately minuets,  
 When the powdered wig and the patch were met,  
 When the squire bent low in a bow profound,  
 And the courtesying maiden swept the ground.

Beautiful eyes, the tulips say,  
 As I gaze in their painted cups to-day—

*BEAUTIFUL EYES.*

Beautiful eyes, where soft dreams dwell,  
And witchery weaves its magic spell.  
The satin petals are quick to fade,  
But the bright eyes beam through sun and shade,  
Wondrously winning, sweet, and mild  
When they speak the soul of a darling child.

Oh, Kathie dear, with the silken hair,  
The innocent brow so pure and fair,  
With dimples forever at hide-and-seek  
On the merry mouth and the nut-brown cheek,  
You are sweeter far than the tulip flower,  
Which still reminds of your peerless dower,  
For, whether clouded or clear the skies,  
There's always light in your beautiful eyes.







*APPLE BLOSSOMS.*



LAST eve there stole a wee white dream to brush  
our darling's pillow;  
It whispered of a flowing stream and of a nodding willow.  
She stirred and laughed, for in her sleep she heard the blue-bells' ringing,  
And far away the bleat of sheep, and near the robin's singing.

This morning, when our darling woke, the world was all a wonder:  
Above, such golden sunshine broke, such light and joy were under;  
The meadows rippled like the sea, and every knoll was flushing;  
The zephyrs came with kisses free, and, oh, the trees were blushing.

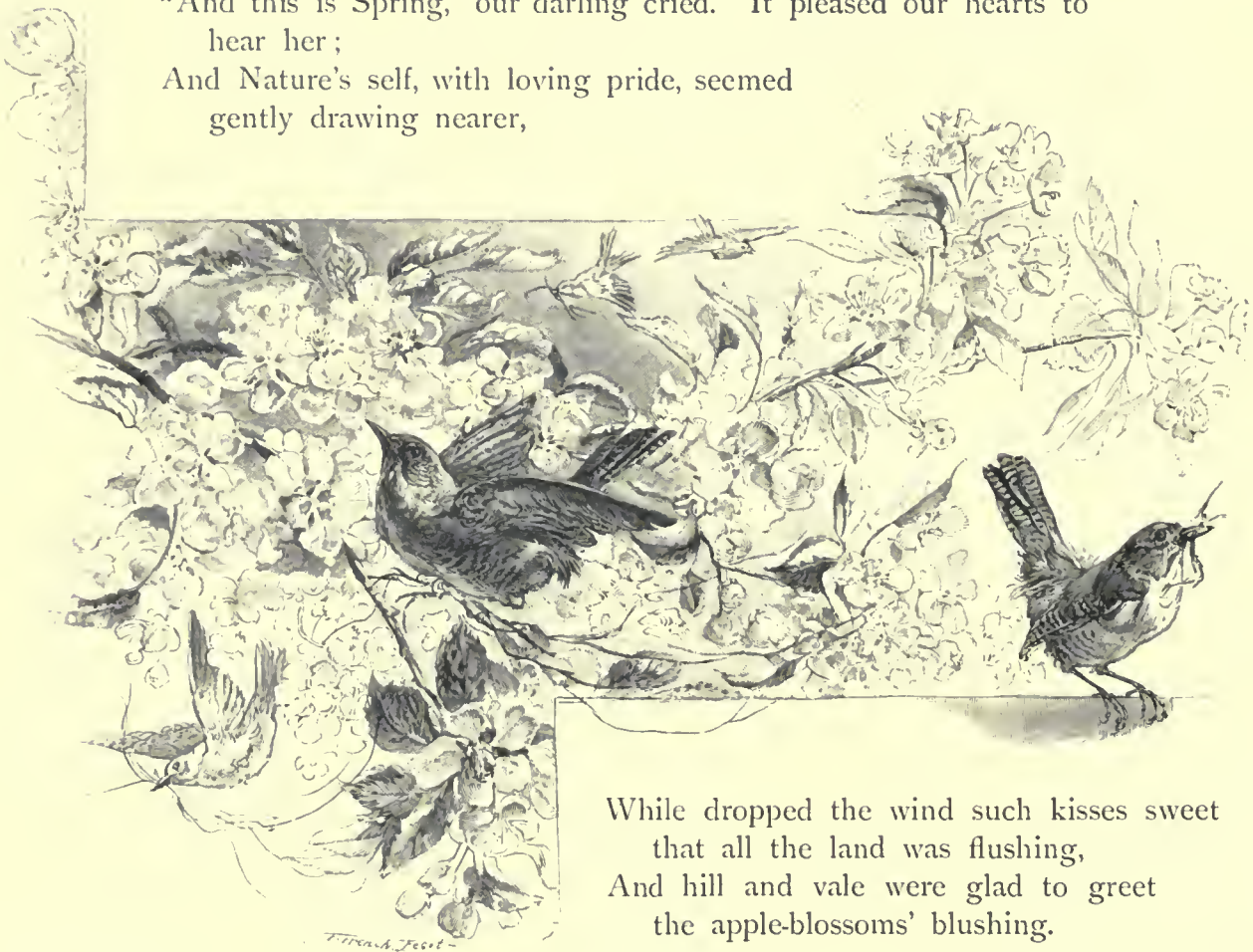
The apple blossoms, pink and white, you could not count their number;  
The fairy work was wrought by night, while earth was hushed in slumber.  
Our darling's violet eyes grew wide: the orchard aisles were bowers,  
And here and yonder, everywhere, she saw a snow of flowers.

We hear her little footsteps pass; her merry voice is humming;  
A flitting shadow o'er the grass, her daintiness is coming.  
"Oh, this is Spring, is Spring," she cries; "I know her by the glory.  
And see, oh, see, the birdie's wing! which flashing tells the story.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"I've tiptoed all across the brook, I've searched in all the hollows,  
I've peeped in many a tiny nook, I've chased the flying swallows,  
I've seen the cunning little chicks—dear things, so round and funny!—  
And helped the wrens to straws and sticks, and fed both Frisk and Bunny.

"And this is Spring," our darling cried. It pleased our hearts to  
hear her;  
And Nature's self, with loving pride, seemed  
gently drawing nearer,



While dropped the wind such kisses sweet  
that all the land was flushing,  
And hill and vale were glad to greet  
the apple-blossoms' blushing.



FRANK FRENCH  
SCULPTOR  
1883





### *VITTORIA.*

REAT melting eyes, and laughing lips  
O'er which the soft Italian trips,

Loose clouds of dusky curling hair,  
Sweet dimples lurking everywhere,

An olive skin as smooth as silk,  
And pearly teeth as white as milk.

Vittoria did you call her name?  
Like victory it sounds, and fame.

On many a proud and saintly page,  
By sister fair or abbess sage,

The pretty name is shining now,  
A star that gleams from history's brow.

Come, Alice, Edith, Mary, Bee,  
And dream of Venice by the sea;

For there this little maid was born,  
Where white doves circle night and morn,

Where swift gondolas flash and glide  
Across the pulsing moon-lit tide.

She does not need our daisied parks  
Beneath the shade of old St. Mark's.

Perhaps, you think, she'd like to hear  
What fun you've had this very year—

*VITTORIA.*

How you have searched for flowers in May,  
In summer tossed the new-mown hay,

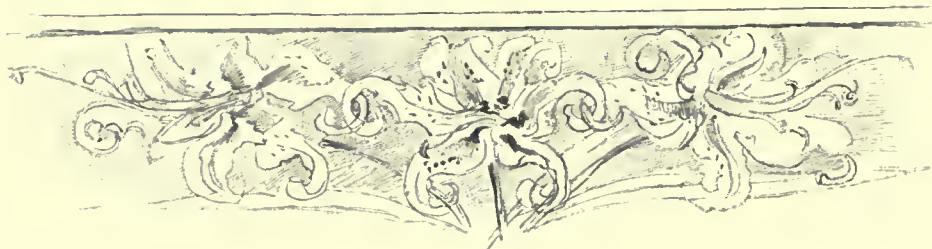
How you have climbed the mountain crest,  
And peered into the eagle's nest?

The little one will listen while  
You speak, with flitting blush and smile;

Then she will go and feed her birds,  
And coo to them in silver words.

The happy languor of her race  
Is in her proud patrician face.

Venetian skies are calmly blue;  
Vittoria would not change with you.





FRANK FENNER  
Engr. 1884





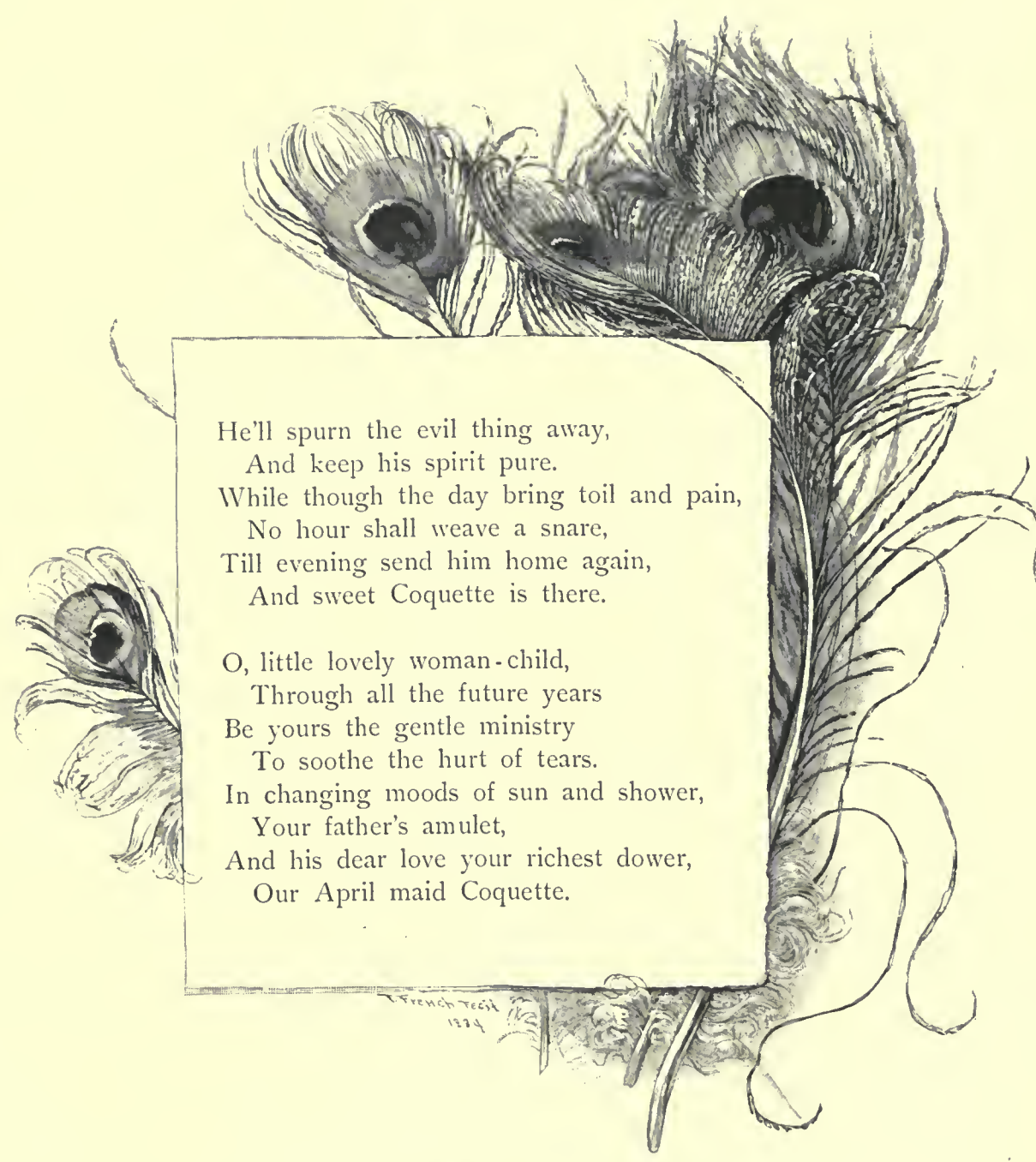
*LITTLE COQUETTE.*

HER father's little comforter,  
When trials round him press,  
The magic of her baby ways  
Cheats life of bitterness.  
All day he toils with hand and brain,  
Of trouble has his share,  
But evening brings him home again,  
And sweet Coquette is there.

"Papa! papa!" the silver tones  
In flute-like sound will fall,  
As comes a rush of flying feet  
Along the stair and hall;  
O, little eager blushing face,  
O, dancing eyes of blue,  
The kisses give the dimples chase,  
Papa's in love with you.

In love with tender clinging arms,  
With winsome look and smile,  
With merry mouth and fearless brow,  
So innocent of guile.  
O, little sweetheart, hold him fast,  
This lover fond and true;  
Your father is your paladin,  
And strong to care for you.

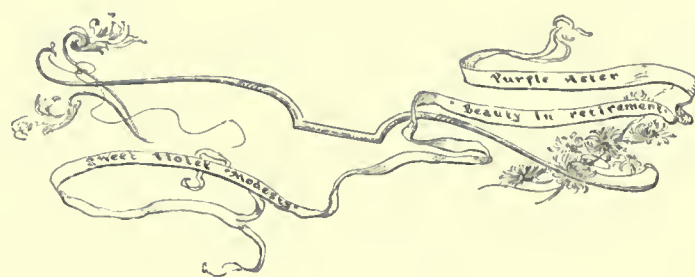
If e'er for him the tempter's art  
Shall spread a gilded lure,

A detailed black and white illustration of several peacock feathers. Two large feathers with prominent 'eyes' are at the top, and a smaller one is on the left. The feathers are arranged to frame a central rectangular text box. The artist's signature 'French Teal' and the year '1874' are visible at the bottom of the illustration.

He'll spurn the evil thing away,  
And keep his spirit pure.  
While though the day bring toil and pain,  
No hour shall weave a snare,  
Till evening send him home again,  
And sweet Coquette is there.

O, little lovely woman-child,  
Through all the future years  
Be yours the gentle ministry  
To soothe the hurt of tears.  
In changing moods of sun and shower,  
Your father's amulet,  
And his dear love your richest dower,  
Our April maid Coquette.







### VIOLET.



E called her Violet for her eyes  
 (The very tint of April skies),  
 And for her little flower-like face,  
 So like a violet in its grace,  
 And for her looks so dainty sweet,  
 From rippling head to rosy feet—  
 Dear treasure in Love's garden set,  
 Our heart's delight, our Violet.

And often as the violets shed  
 Their fragrance in the paths we tread,  
 Or when we find in deep, dim woods  
 The nodding of their azure hoods,

*VIOLET.*

Or, wafted from a shady nook,  
The violet odor bids us look,  
And seek with groping fingers, fain  
To clasp the precious prize again,  
Well named we deem our household pet,  
Our heart's delight, our Violet.

A pensive, musing creature she,  
Though laughing oft in childish glee.  
She coaxes fretting care away,  
She brightens every clouded day;  
The hasty word her kisses check,  
With arms around her father's neck.  
"My blessing," still her mother says,  
So sweet the child's caressing ways.  
Oh, sad were life without our pet,  
Our heart's delight, our Violet.

Though storms may rave and rains may fall,  
Within our garden's sheltering wall  
The violets bloom in sun and shade,  
By chilling tempests undismayed,  
And violets in the lonely wood  
Have little care though winds are rude;  
So timid, yet so fearless, still  
Their message is of God's good-will.  
Of God: shall we His grace forget  
Who gave our home its Violet?







### *A CHILD OF THE SUNRISE LAND.*

DEAR little child of the Sunrise Land!  
 Far and away o'er the deep green sea  
 A friendly breeze, that came as I fanned  
 With a Japanese fan, told this to me—  
     That Iso San,  
     Born in old Japan,  
 Is a little lady of high degree.

This gossiping breeze, if it told me true,  
 With its thrilling whispers of East and  
     West,

Said, what with the learning of old and new,  
 Poor Iso San will have little rest.  
     She must try to please,  
     She must write Chinese,  
 She must prattle in English with the best.

She must hold her teacup with dainty grace;  
 In the prettiest way she may coquet  
 With her lap-dog's ears; with a smiling face  
 Her singing-bird or her doll may pet.  
     I have understood  
     She must *not* be rude,  
 And they'd send for the doctor should Iso fret.



She is sometimes naughty and sometimes good,  
 Like other people, I have no doubt;  
 But what would happen if Iso should

*A CHILD OF THE SUNRISE LAND.*

Sulk or clamor, or frown and pout?  
The breeze confessed  
He had never guessed;  
He had sought in vain, and had not found out.

The Sunrise Land is a land of flowers,  
Beautiful things that bud and blow,  
Timing their lives to fragrant hours  
'Neath Fusi-yama with crown of snow;  
And Iso San,  
Learning all she can,  
The lore of the flowers will surely know.

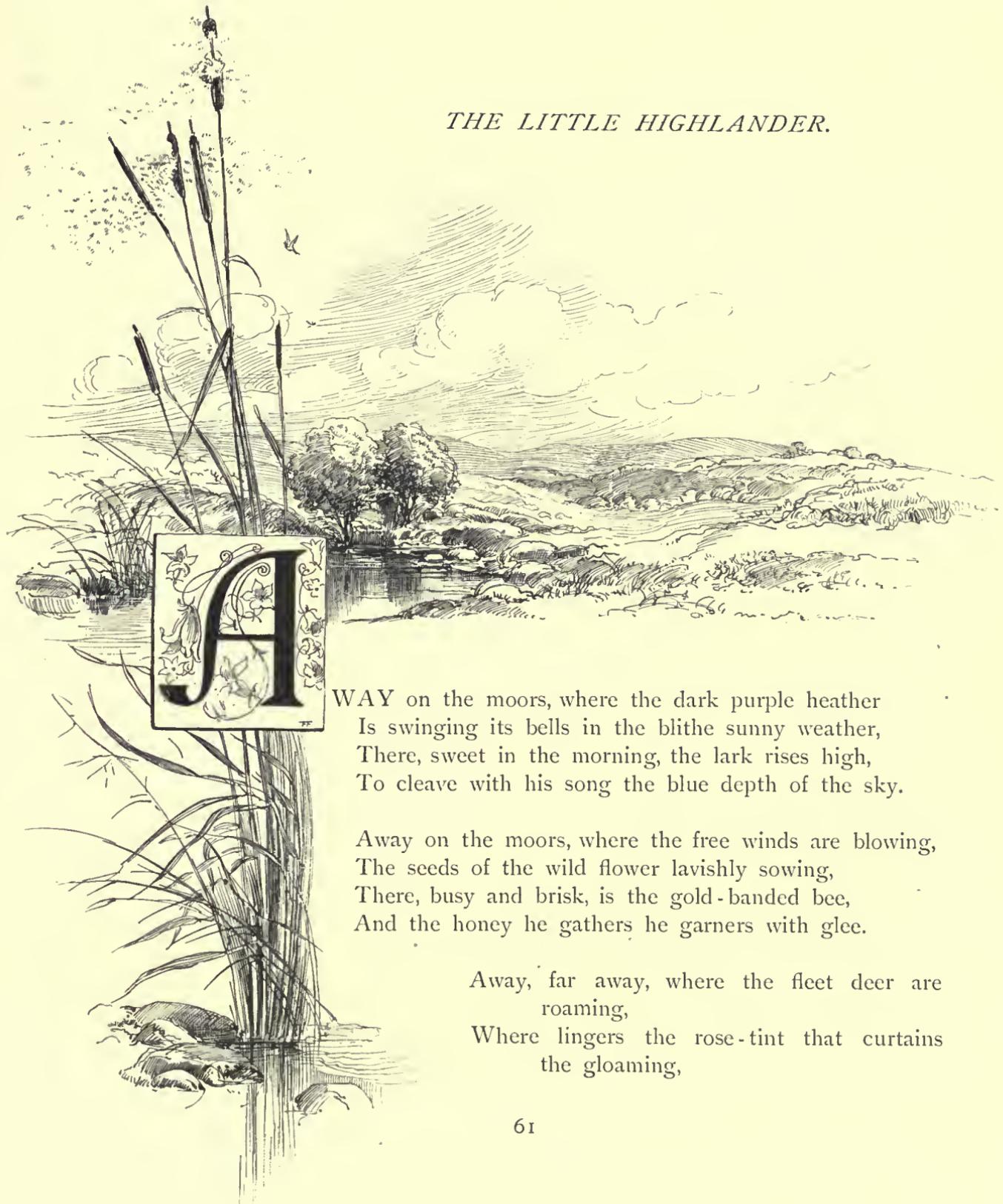
The blossoming quince, a torch ablaze,  
In hedge and garden shall kindle pyres,  
And hint to children in merry days  
Of nights illumed by the fairies' fires,  
Of wishes three  
That may granted be  
If the wee folk list to the child's desires.

Small Iso San, of the Sunrise Land  
Miles and miles o'er the deep green sea,  
With a fluttering fan as I softly fanned,  
I beckoned a breeze that talked of thee,  
Sweet Iso San,  
Born in old Japan,  
A quaint little lady of high degree.









*THE LITTLE HIGHLANDER.*

A

WAY on the moors, where the dark purple heather  
Is swinging its bells in the blithe sunny weather,  
There, sweet in the morning, the lark rises high,  
To cleave with his song the blue depth of the sky.

Away on the moors, where the free winds are blowing,  
The seeds of the wild flower lavishly sowing,  
There, busy and brisk, is the gold-banded bee,  
And the honey he gathers he garners with glee.

Away, far away, where the fleet deer are  
roaming,  
Where lingers the rose-tint that curtains  
the gloaming,

*THE LITTLE HIGHLANDER.*

There is some one whose foot like the roebuck's is fleet,  
Whose voice, like the lark's, in its carol is sweet.

Away o'er the moors let us hasten, my dearie ;  
My own bonny lad, with the laugh ever cheery,  
Than bird, or than flower, or bright golden bee,  
The face of my bairn is more winsome to me.

Away on the moors, was it Nature who taught you  
The trick of those dimples, who lovingly brought you  
Those flowers which garland the tartan so well,  
While, always delightful, their soft petals spell ?

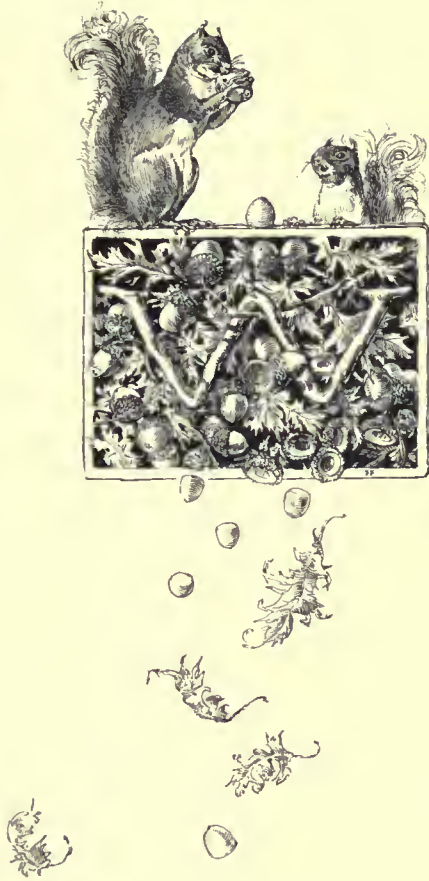
Away on the moors in the sweet sunny weather,  
My brave little Highlander, child of the heather,  
So fearless in glance and so sportive in glee,  
My bonny Prince Charlie's the darling for me.







CHRYSANTHEMUM  
"Truth"



### *CHRYSANTHEMUM.*

HEN nuts are dropping from the trees, and corn is gathered in,  
 When purple grapes are on the vine, and apples in the bin,  
 When far across the level fields is borne the crow's harsh call,  
 Then in the garden lifts its head the bravest flower of all.

Chrysanthemum—the name is long for little lips to speak,  
 But Ethel loves the cheerful bloom, and holds it to her cheek;  
 For on the winter's icy edge it sets its banner bold,  
 With fragrance keen as myrrh and spice, with colors clean and cold.

Clematis twined its airy wreaths, and faded from the land;  
 No more the sumac rears its plume, by gentle breezes fanned;  
 Dear Mother Nature tells the rose 'tis time to hide her head,  
 And every tiny violet is tucked away in bed;

The birds which sang in summer days are flying to the South;  
 The fairies lurk no longer in the morning-glory's mouth;  
 And Ethel, sitting down to rest anear the old stone wall,  
 Sees, bright and strong and undismayed, the bravest flower of all.

Its petals may be tipped with pink, or touched with palest hue  
 Of yellow gold, or snowy white, their beauty smiles at you;

*CHRYSANTHEMUM.*

And little reck's it though the frost may chill the nipping air,  
It came to see the curtain drop, this flower so debonair.

Chrysanthemum—a harder word than children often say,  
Yet little Ethel croons it o'er to music blithe and gay;  
“For east,” she cries, “and west, the leaves they flutter and they fall,  
And still I find Chrysanthemum the bravest flower of all.”

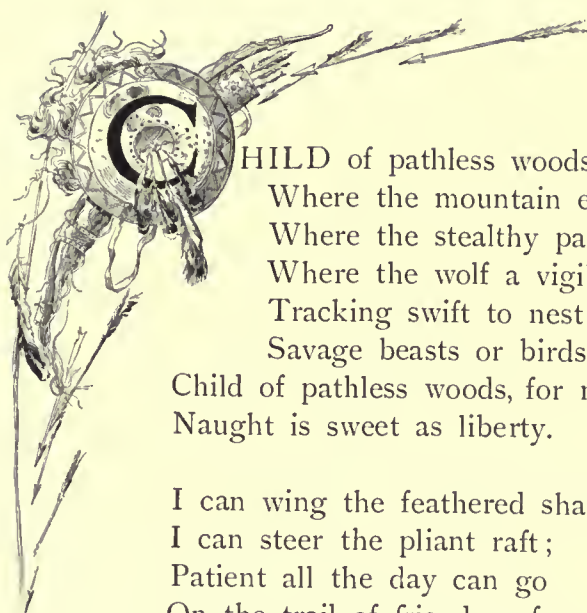
Oh, by-and-by the fierce north wind in wildest wrath will blow,  
The sleet upon the panes shall beat, and Nature swift will go  
And whisper to Chrysanthemum—shall little Ethel hear?—  
“Come, darling flower; the play is done. I'll bring you back next year.”







*THE INDIAN CHILD.*



CHILD of pathless woods am I,  
Where the mountain eagles fly,  
Where the stealthy panther creeps,  
Where the wolf a vigil keeps,  
Tracking swift to nest and lair  
Savage beasts or birds of air.

Child of pathless woods, for me  
Naught is sweet as liberty.

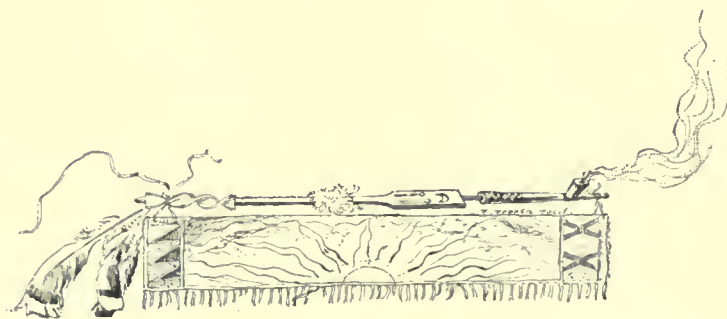
I can wing the feathered shaft,  
I can steer the pliant raft;  
Patient all the day can go  
On the trail of friend or foe.  
Keen my eyes and strong my heart,  
Proud I am to bear a part.  
When the chase is wild and free,  
There is happiness for me.

Simple is the faith I hold,  
Taught to me by warriors bold.  
Only women faint and sigh  
When an enemy is nigh;  
Only babies cry for pain:  
Chieftains scorn a tear-drop's stain.

*THE INDIAN CHILD.*

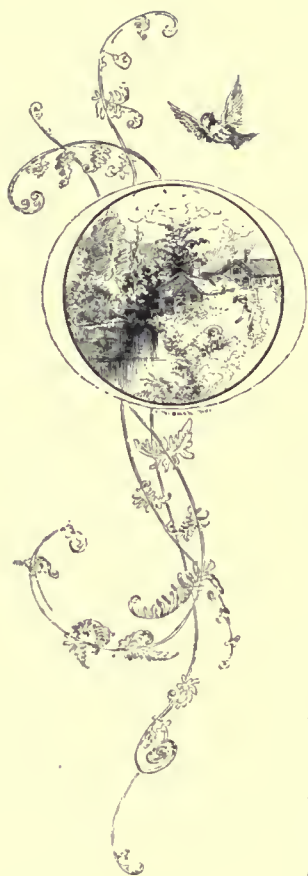
Far beyond this world is found  
Many a happy hunting-ground.  
The Great Spirit watches me—  
I'm the child of liberty.

Hark! a rustle in the pines,  
Where they stand in stately lines.  
Look! a glimmer on the height—  
Dawn arising out of night.  
Better things one day shall be  
For thy dusky race and thee,  
Indian child, so sad and grave,  
Boastful, ignorant, and brave.







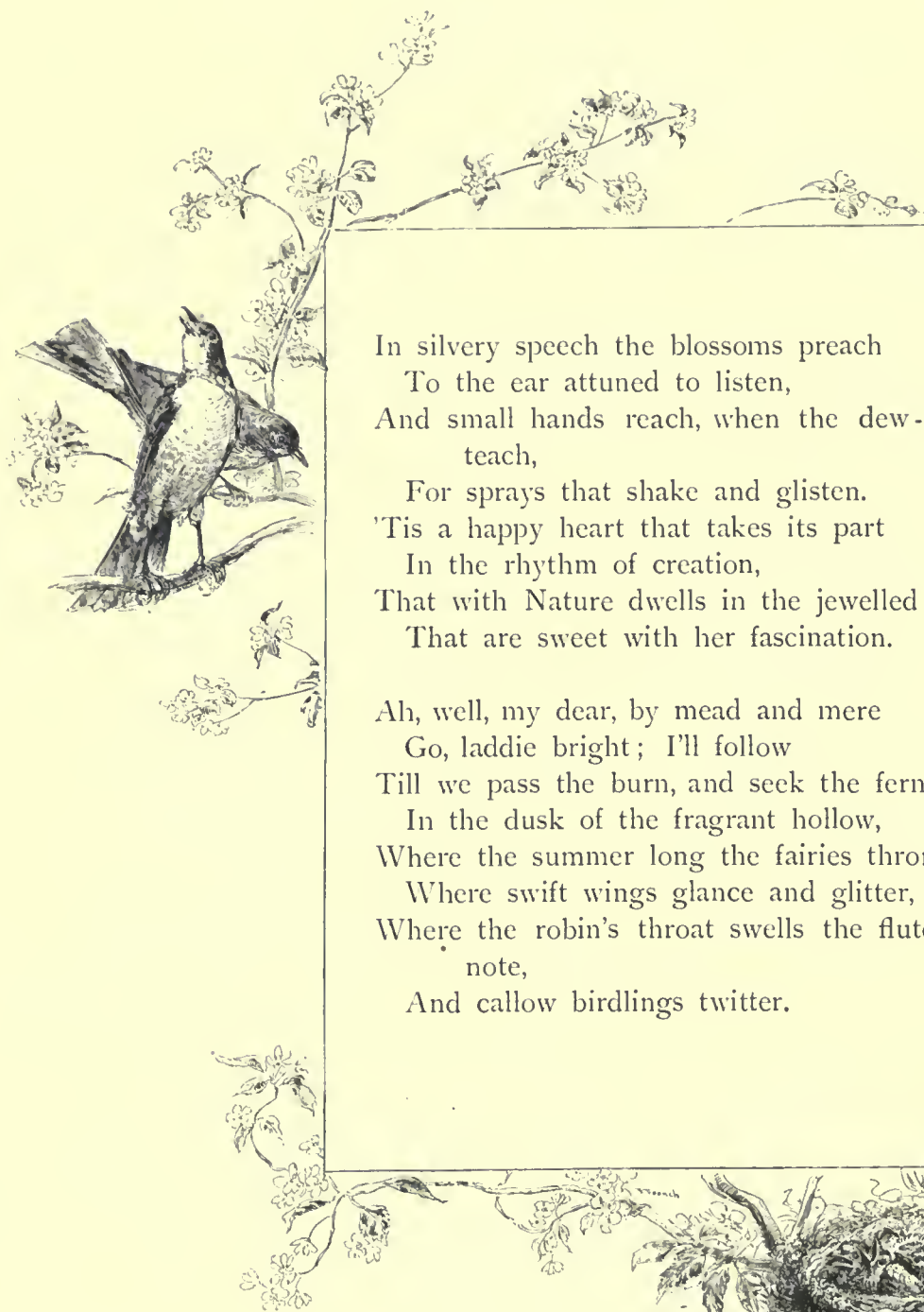


*FERNS—FASCINATION.*

VER the hill and past the mill  
My laddie leads: I follow.  
Across the rill, my merry Will,  
To seek the ferny hollow,  
Where the summer long is the robin's song,  
Where swift wings flash and glitter,  
Where the sunbeams peep and the shadows creep,  
And callow birdlings twitter.

Oh, baby feet, with your patter sweet,  
You find the dearest places,  
Where coy ferns greet from their still retreat  
Our hushed and smiling faces.  
Through the fronded leaves the south wind weaves  
A strain so softly tender  
That the elves draw near in troops to hear,  
And shy responses render.

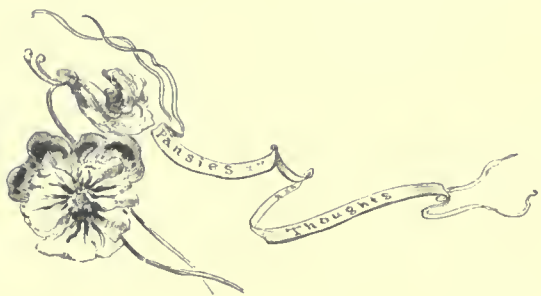
My laddie knows where the bluebell grows,  
The laurel's shining hour,  
When lilies close, when unfolds the rose,  
And where the daisies flower.  
He loves the sedge at the river's edge,  
Where grasses sigh and shiver,  
Nor fears the gloom where the moss-cups bloom,  
And the tall ferns rock and quiver.



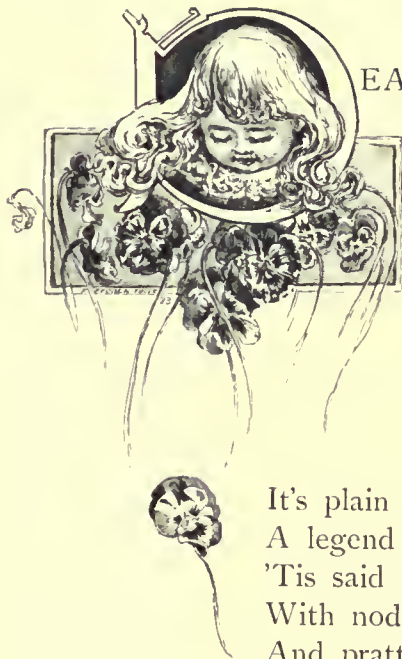
In silvery speech the blossoms preach  
To the ear attuned to listen,  
And small hands reach, when the dew-drops  
teach,  
For sprays that shake and glisten.  
'Tis a happy heart that takes its part  
In the rhythm of creation,  
That with Nature dwells in the jewelled cells  
That are sweet with her fascination.

Ah, well, my dear, by mead and mere  
Go, laddie bright; I'll follow  
Till we pass the burn, and seek the fern  
In the dusk of the fragrant hollow,  
Where the summer long the fairies throng,  
Where swift wings glance and glitter,  
Where the robin's throat swells the flute-like  
note,  
And callow birdlings twitter.





## PANSIES.



EAR baby, with the dreaming eyes,  
What makes you look so shyly wise?  
What secrets have the pansies told,  
With rustling petals tinged with gold?  
What pretty fancies sent to greet  
Your childish thought in whispers sweet?  
Pray have they introduced themselves  
As dainty, quaint, imprisoned elves  
Forever lifting faces fair  
To coax a kiss from sun and air?

It's plain that you have found it out,  
A legend I have held in doubt.  
'Tis said that oft the flowers talk  
With nodding leaf or bending stalk,  
And prattle tales in murmurs deep,  
When all the world is fast asleep.  
'Twere quite in vain alas! for me  
To listen, since I've lost the key.  
Somewhere in happy fields it lies,  
Oh, very close to paradise;  
'Tis gone from me, but sages say  
Wee children find it every day.

I'm sure our darling comprehends  
The pansies' speech, and calls them friends.  
Ah! little one, you do not know  
What lofty people long ago  
Stooped down while purple pansies taught.  
Great Shakespeare deemed them made for thought,

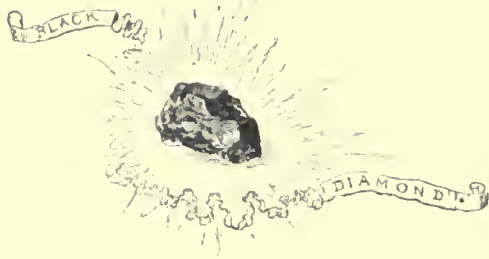
*PANSIES.*

And Milton blent their fragrance well  
With violets and asphodel;  
Grand poets these. "And what are they?"  
Why, just what you are, child, to-day.  
For them the breezes and the birds  
Sang stories not in need of words;  
And every tree and bower and nook  
They read as 'twere a picture book.

One thing is certain, baby dear,  
That He who puts the pansies here,  
Made from some pattern in the sky,  
And flecked with such a radiant dye,  
Is ever watching from above,  
And keeps us in His constant love—  
A love that never can forget  
The darling 'mid these pansies set.









*OLE MAMMY'S BABY NED.*

TOP larfin' dat a-way, my lub;  
 Hole up yo' pretty head.  
 Right in wiv w'ite folks' chillun—Hi!  
 Ole Mammy's Baby Ned.  
 Yo' picture sutinly am sweet;  
 An' Mammy's proud dis day  
 To see her boy so mighty fine,  
 An' framed in flowers so gay.

De ole sheep lub de fleecy lamb,  
 De blackbird brood de nes':  
 Ole Mammy tink her darlin' boy  
 Wuf mo' dan all de res'.  
 (Yo', Ned, go 'long; I've got de switch  
 In dere behin' de do'.)  
 De oder chillun's so perlite  
 Yo' mus'n't larf no mo'!

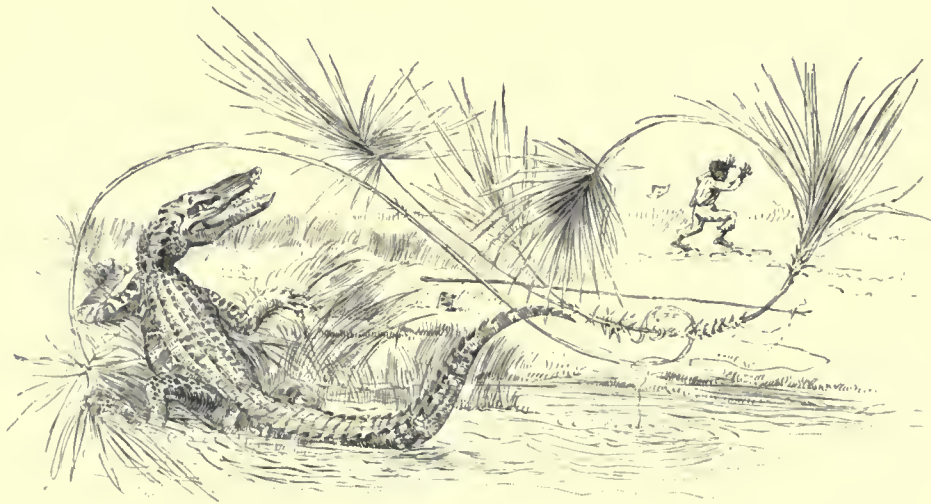
De robin in de cherry-tree,  
 De mock'-bird in de pine,  
 Dey strut an' sing an' cock dey head,  
 Dey tink demsefs so fine.  
 'Tis so wiv yo', pore foolish Ned;  
 So gwine an' larf away,  
 For all de wuk you've got on han'  
 Is jes' to larf an' play.

Byme-by, school-mosta come along,  
 Yo'll hab to read an' spell,  
 An', honey, ef yo' don' keep still  
 Dat mosta 'll beat yo' well.

*OLE MAMMY'S BABY NED.*

So dance de shuffle while yo' may,  
Ole Mammy 'll take de load,  
An' carry mos' de heaby weight  
A-walkin' down de road.

De crows am in de corn-patch, sah,  
De possum's up de tree,  
But Mammy's heart is like de light  
Dat's shinin' on de sea.  
For queens may hab dey golden crowns  
To wear upon dey head,  
Ole Mammy's crown ob all de yearth  
Is jes' dis Baby Ned.





Frank French fecit  
1886





*A LITTLE MAID OF ROME.*



SITTING alone on a cheerless day,  
 In a winter without a flower,  
 The vagrant wings of my fancy stray  
 To the dream of a tropic hour  
 Broidered with bloom and honey-sweet—  
 An hour for bee and bird—  
 With billows of flowers to bathe my feet,  
 By passionate zephyrs stirred.

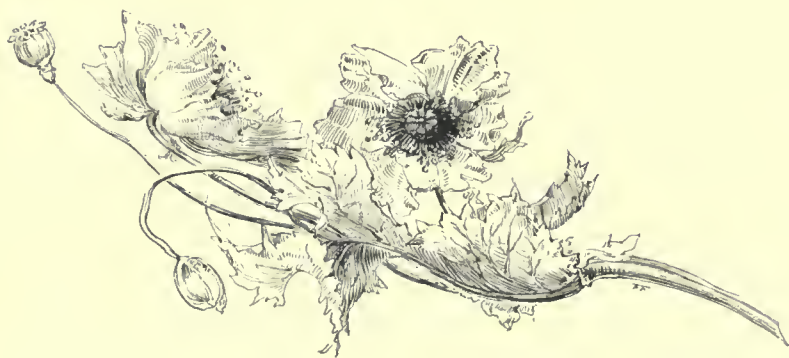
Pansies and clover and cyclamen,  
 And the spiciest pinks that blow,  
 And acres on acres of daisies then  
 Shall be weaving their gold and snow—  
 The long lush grass and the poppies red,  
 And the roses staining the light,

*A LITTLE MAID OF ROME.*

And the shy proud girl with the drooping head  
Wooing my pensive sight:

The beautiful child with the Titian hair  
And the darkly splendid eyes,  
The fairest flower where a host was fair  
Under the Roman skies.  
I dream, to the dash of the frozen rain,  
Of her thrilling voice and clear;  
I dream, and the sleet on the icy pane  
Is the only sound that I hear.

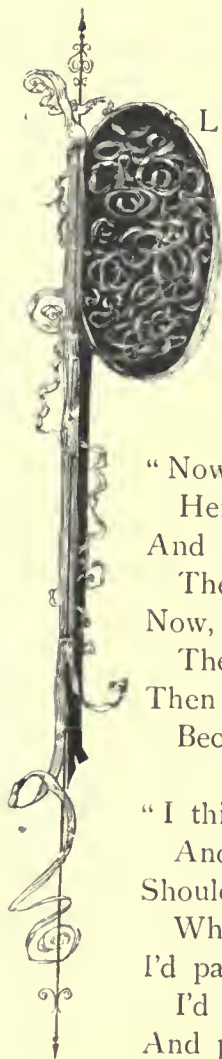
Acres on acres of purple and white,  
Waves and fringes of bloom;  
Italy's sky in its lucent height  
Flecked by no cloud of gloom.  
Away with the breath of the stormy north!  
I am borne afar from home,  
And the nut-brown face that has led me forth  
Is the face of a maid of Rome.







*WITCH-HAZEL.*



PLEASE lay your tiresome work aside,  
And don't be always reading,"  
With coaxing voice and kissing lips  
My little love came pleading.  
"I want you, please, to talk to me"—  
The eyes were grave and steady;  
So in my lap I took the lad,  
And told him I was ready.

"Now if to-day a fairy came,  
Her pocket full of wishes,  
And offered you the singing leaves,  
The talking birds or fishes,  
Now, honestly, which would you choose?"  
The baby frowned severely,  
Then laughed, and lisped, "Oh, hurry, please,  
Because I love you dearly."

"I think," I said, "if I might choose,  
And fairy lord or lady  
Should meet me in a summer wood,  
Where all was green and shady,  
I'd pass the pools with fishes by,  
I'd pass the flowers blowing,  
And pass the birds, to find the place  
Where fairy trees were growing.

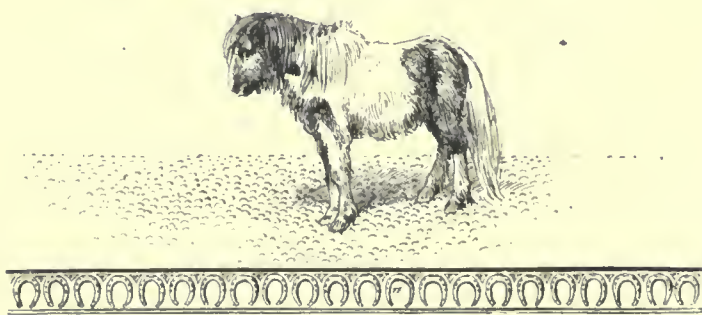
"I'd ask a light witch-hazel wand,  
And, bearing it, I'd travel  
All up and down this queer old world,  
Strange secrets to unravel.

WITCH-HAZEL.

Quite brave and bright I'd wander on,  
And never know repining,  
The presence of an enemy  
By my witch wand divining."

With puzzled eyes that suddenly  
Grew wide with sunny vision,  
My little man regarded me,  
And spoke with quick decision:  
"I fink 'twould be a stupid wish,"  
He answered, most sincerely;  
"A horse to ride would be more fun."  
'Twas his opinion clearly.

All day he scampered here and there,  
With gleeful shouts outringing;  
And as I heard his joyous laugh,  
His sudden bits of singing,  
I thought to childhood's eager heart  
Witch-hazel's gift is present  
To choose the good, to leave the bad,  
To find all seasons pleasant.







*L'ENVOI.*

HOME fairies! Heart flowers!  
The blossoms at night  
Fast shut their sweet eyes  
At the waning of light,  
And the fairies to Dreamland  
Are up and away,  
And we see them no more  
Till the dawn of the day.

Home fairies! Heart flowers!  
Together we blend  
The blooms that are dear  
As the touch of a friend,  
And the faces so glowing  
They woo us like flowers,  
And crown with their beauty  
Life's happiest hours.

Home fairies! Heart flowers!  
In garden and field  
A thousand sweet cups  
Are in essence revealed.  
But the one little fairy  
Who rules without art,  
Is our own youngest darling,  
Sweet flower of the heart.

















PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

H&SS  
C  
18

